

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 14.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

HIS most profound scholar and eminent philosopher was born in Lincolnshire, England, December 25, 1642, and died in Kensington, a suburb of London, March 20, 1727. It is extremely difficult to gather from the life of a man like Sir Isaac Newton, who from his earliest years was engaged in the solution of the deepest and most intricate problems, such facts and incidents as will prove interesting to the

youthful reader; but we may possibly present such a brief notice of his wonderful career as will attract the attention of our boys and girls to the splendid results of hard labor, patient thought, and persevering study. Until he reached the twelfth year of his age there seems to have been nothing in his life worth recording. At this time he was sent to a free school at Grantham, where he ranked among the lowest in all of the classes. A boy who stood next above him teased him with his dullness, until finally a quarrel was brought about, which so aroused Newton's pride that he applied himself with such vigor and resolution to his books, that he soon stood at the head of the whole school. He was not much interested in the sports of his school mates, but spent his time in making little mechanical contrivances, in which he showed a marked spirit of invention. He was fond of drawing, and covered the walls of his room with pictures of birds, beasts, men, ships, and other things. At one time he arranged a set of pins on the adjacent

houses, so as to mark the time of day by their shadows. This seemed as a sort of town-clock, and was called "Isaac's Dial." He also made one or two small reflecting telescopes, and in after years devoted a great deal of time to observations of the heavenly bodies, principally, however, in reference to their motions through space, and their influence upon each other. He is generally supposed to have been the discoverer of the law of gravitation, or that law which is productive of weight, and which is the tendency of matter on

and about the surface of the Earth towards its centre. This discovery he applied to the entire planetary and stellar system, and by means of it solved the great mystery of the motion of all the heavenly bodies around a common centre.

Our picture represents an incident—the falling of an apple from a tree—which occurred in his early life, and which is said to have first attracted his attention to the great discoveries which he afterward made.

Newton was a firm believer in alchemy, or in the existence of some process in chemistry by which the base metals, such as iron, lead and copper, could be transmuted, or changed, into gold, and he spent a great deal of time in making experiments in this direction, all of which, of course, resulted unsuccessfully.

But he gradually rose to a position of great fame and renown, and finally came to be considered the most learned and profound philosopher that had ever lived. He died in the full measure of his fame, and his name has descended to the present time and generation, with undiminished glory and splendor. S.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HISTORY OF THE COFFEE TREE.

THE Coffee Tree is a native of Abyssinia and Arabia; but it is now naturalized in many of the tropical countries. It is from fifteen to twenty feet high, with but few branches. When cultivated it is not allowed to become more than six or eight feet high, and is made to assume a pyramidal form. The leaves are evergreen, oblong, thick and glossy. The flowers are small and fragrant, snowy white, and grow in clusters. The fruit, when ripe, is of a dark scarlet, and very hard. It is passed between heavy rollers to remove the shell and pulp in which the bean is enclosed. It delights in a moist climate, and nowhere thrives better than in tropical lands, where it is raised on large plantations. It yields its first crop when three years old. It continues flowering for eight months. The Coffee Tree was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinnia and Ethiopia it has been known from time immemorial. In Arabia it was in use in the fifteenth century. At the end of the seventeenth century it was carried from Mocha to Batavia, where it was planted, and a young tree was sent to the botanical gardens of Amsterdam, from which the Paris garden obtained a slip; a slip from this was carried to Martineque, in 1720, where it grew so finely that in a few years all the West Indies were supplied with young

trees. The following varieties are particularly distinguished in commerce. Mocha, which comes from Arabia, and is known by its small gray leaves; Java, or East India, which has large yellow leaves; Jamaica, with leaves small and greenish; Surinam, which has the largest bean; Bourbon, with leaves pale yellow, or nearly white. Coffee, as a beverage, was introduced from Arabia into Egypt and Constantinople in the sixteenth century. A German physician was the first to make it known in Europe, from the account of his travels published in 1573.

An English merchant, Edwards, brought coffee from Smyrnia, and opened a coffee-house in Cornhill in 1652. It soon after found its way to Paris.

In Arabia a decoction is made of the unroasted bean, and the Sultan's coffee is of the pericaps and dried pulp roasted. In the western part of Samatria the leaves are used instead of the bean, and may yet be used extensively as a beverage. Coffee owes its exhilarating properties to caffein and volatile oil.

When the beans are roasted until they assume a reddish brown, they lose 15 per cent. by weight and 30 per cent. by bulk. When roasted until chestnut brown it loses 20 per cent. in weight and increases fifty per cent. in bulk. The bean should never be darker than light brown.

GEORGEY CORTELL.

[Selected.]

ABOUT THE DOOR.

A BIT of shrubbery in the yard, a vine climbing by a trellis, a strip of refreshing green spread from the door, are sure to make a place of greater marketable value; which, with many, is a consideration to be thought of before any other. Such need no further appeal to their sense of neatness. But those who really love the suggestions of beauty for their own sake will not omit the turf-patch, the shrubbery, and the hedge and vine, because they make almost any home more attractive and lovely, and cause the sentiments to sprout like the very leaves and buds themselves. How few stop to consider what a powerful association lies lurking in every simple but familiar object, like a bush, a tree, a bit of grass, or a border of flowers! They are objects that hold us almost as steadily and strongly to home as wife and children; they are closely associated with these, in fact, and can with difficulty be separated. Therefore we say to all, "Brush up about the door, and plant near by an object of simple beauty. It will bear fruit in the heart a hundred fold."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. V.

Mars and the Asteroids.

MARS is the fourth planet from the Sun, and the first of the exterior planets, its orbit lying immediately without or beyond the orbit of the Earth, while those of Mercury and Venus are within. He appears, to the naked eye, of a fine ruddy complexion, resembling, in color and magnitude, the large fixed Star, Aldebaran.

The distance of Mars from the Earth, at its nearest approach, is about fifty million miles; this occurs when it is on the same side of the Sun as the Earth. Its greatest distance from us is 240,000,000; this happens when it is on the opposite side of the Sun from us. In the former case it appears nearly twenty-five times larger than in the latter.

Mars performs his revolution around the Sun in one year and ten and one-half months, at the distance of 145,000,000 miles, moving in its orbit at the rate of 55,000 miles an hour.

Its daily rotation on its axis is performed in 24 hours, 39 minutes, and $21\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, which makes its day 44 minutes longer than ours.

The diameter of Mars is 4,232 miles, its bulk, therefore, seven times less than that of the Earth; and being 50,000,000 miles farther from the Sun, receives from him only half as much light and heat.

To a spectator on the planet Mars, the Earth will appear alternately as a morning and evening Star, and will exhibit all the phases of the Moon, just as Mercury and Venus do to us. Our Moon will appear to them to be very near to the Earth, though it be nearly 240,000 miles distant.

If Mars be attended by a Satellite or Moon it is too small to be seen by the most powerful telescope. This planet affords a peculiar interest to the Telescopic examiner. Its disc is seen diversified with numerous irregular and variable spots, which are supposed to be land, water, and in its polar regions, great fields of ice. These spots change with the seasons, form and disappear by turns, and altogether present a very singular and interesting appearance.

The great height and density of the atmosphere of Mars are supposed to be the cause of the remarkable redness of its light.

It has been found, by experiment, that when a beam of white light passes through any colorless transparent medium, its color inclines to red in

proportion to the density of the medium and the space through which it has traveled. Thus the Sun, Moon and Stars always appear of a reddish color when near the horizon; and every luminous object, seen through a mist, is of a rudy hue. Dr. Brewster supposes that the difference of color among the other planets, and even the fixed stars, is owing to the different heights and densities of their atmospheres.

THE ASTEROIDS.

Ascending beyond the orbit of Mars, and between it and the planet Jupiter, we find scattered throughout the vast zone, a large collection of small planets. These are the Asteroids; and also are sometimes called Telescopic Planets, for the reason, that with one exception, they are not visible without the aid of the telescope.

Previous to the present century this great belt between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter was supposed to be void of any planetary bodies, and was considered by astronomers to be a singular vacancy in the system.

The discovery of Ceres, the first of the Asteroids, on the first day of the present century, and the subsequent discovery of others, now amounting, in all, to *ninety-five*, filled up the supposed void, and restored the harmony of the planetary bodies.

The Asteroids are much smaller in size than the older planets; they all revolve at nearly the same distance from the Sun, and perform their revolutions in nearly the same periods,—and what is altogether singular, except in the case of Comets, some of their orbits cross each other, so that there is even a possibility that two of these bodies may, some time in the course of their revolutions, come into collision.

From these and other circumstances many eminent astronomers are of opinion that these ninety-five planets are the fragments of a large celestial body which once revolved between Mars and Jupiter, and which burst asunder by some tremendous convulsion of nature.

Whether this opinion be right or wrong, we have, of course, no means of determining.

It was for a long time supposed that these small planets were only few in number. Astronomers took it for granted that there were sufficient to fill the great void which existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and that their discovery determined the entire harmony of the solar system. But year by year, since 1847, new discoveries in different places have added to the number, until the Asteroids now count up to ninety-five. How many more may be added to the list, time alone will decide.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LITTLE SILVER-TONGUE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Sweet little Silver-Tongue sat in her chair
 Rocking her dolly with motherly care.
 Softly her red lips were liping the song
 "Mamma's best 'little one all the day long."
 Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, shut up its eyes;
 All the bright sunlight is out of the skies.
 Rock-a-by, baby, there's nothing to see
 'Till morning wakes up and calls Dolly and me.

Dear little Silver-Tongue nodded her head
 For Nellie to step light and turn down the bed;
 She laid in her baby and covered it up,
 And sung like a bee in a dainty flower-cup.
 Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, shut up its eyes;
 All the bright sunlight is out of the skies.
 Rock-a-by, baby, there's nothing to see
 'Till morning wakes up and calls Dolly and me.

Then she crept up on her grandmamma's lap,
 And picking the ruffle which bordered her cap,
 Said, "Silver-Tongue's sleepy, but grandma looks bright;
 I wish I could rock-a-by-baby to-night."

Sweet little Silver-Tongue, rock-a-by, by,
 The bright stars are winking away in the sky;
 Fold down the lids o'er your eyes sunny blue;
 A poppy-wreathed lady is waiting for you.

Grandmamma called her a dear little lamb,
 Who minded her mamma and knew a sweet psalm
 As long as her finger. Then sweetly sang she
 'Till Silver-Tongue slept just as sound as could be.

Sweet little Silver-Tongue, rock-a-by, by,
 The bright stars are winking away in the sky;
 Fold down the lids o'er your eyes sunny blue;
 A poppy-wreathed lady is waiting for you.

[Selected.]

THE WEED IN THE SERMON.

MOTHER, how much tobacco does it take to make a sermon?"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"Why, I mean how much tobacco does father chew, and how many segars does he smoke, while he is making a sermon?"

"Well, the tobacco and the smoke don't *make* the sermons, do they?"

"I don't know but they do—they help along, at any rate; for I heard father tell Mr. Morris, the minister who preached for him last Sunday, that 'he could never write *well* without a good segar.' So I thought may be the tobacco makes the sermons, or the *best* part of them."

"My son, I am shocked to hear you talk so!"

"Well, mother, I was only telling what father *said*; and what it made me think. He said a prime segar was a great solace (whatever *that is*); and he said, besides, it drove away the *blues*—put him into a happy frame of mind, and *simmerated* or *stimulated* his brain, so he could work better. I suppose

stimulate means to make one think easier. Now, mother, I have been thinking I could study better if I had something to stimulate *my* brain; and the next time I have one of those knotty questions in arithmetic to work out, I will get a *segar*, and see if it won't help me along. You know you often tell me if I follow my father's example I will not go very far astray; and now I would like a few segars, to make my brain work well, so that I can stand at the head of my class."

"I hope I shall never see my son with a segar in his mouth; it would be the first step to ruin!"

"You don't think *father* is ruined, do you? and he has taken a good many steps since he took the first segar."

"I think, my son, your father would be better without segars, or tobacco in any shape; but he formed the habit when he was young, and now it is hard to break off."

"But father says 'we are to blame for forming bad habits, and it is a *sin* to continue in them.' I heard him say that in the pulpit, not long ago. There is old Tom Jenkins, who gets tight every day. I suppose he would find it rather hard to break off drinking whiskey. But father says 'it is no excuse for a man, when he gets drunk, to say he is in the *habit* of getting drunk.' He says 'it only needs *resolution* and *moral courage* to break off bad habits.'"

"But, my son, smoking tobacco is *not* quite like drinking whiskey and getting drunk."

"No, I know that, mother; but I was going on to say that, if smoking *was* a bad habit, father would have given it up long ago. But I don't believe smoking is any harm; and it does some folks a great deal of good. You know how nervous and fidgety father gets when he has to go a day without any segars; and, besides, he could not write his sermons without them. I am sure, if he *could* write as well and do as much good *without* using tobacco, he would not spend so much money for it. When I want to buy a little candy, or a bit of spruce-gum, father tells me I had better practice the grace of *self-denial*, and save my money for the missionary-box. Besides, he says such stuff is not good for me; it will spoil my teeth and ruin my health. Now I am quite certain that father would not spend money—*more* than I have ever spent in my whole life for candy, gum, clothes, and everything—if he did not believe tobacco was a real benefit to himself and others. Why, mother, do you know anything about the price of segars in these times? Cousin Ned Wilkins, who smokes a great many, says 'you can't get a decent segar for less than fifteen cents; and the best cost forty and fifty cents apiece!' And I heard Deacon Tompkins say

his segars cost him six hundred dollars a year ; for he uses nothing but the very best, and they are all imported. He told father so the other day, when they were smoking together in the study after dinner, and I was trying to get out my arithmetic lesson. Now, mother, do you think my father, and Deacon Tompkins, and a whole host of ministers and elders, and temperance lecturers, and lots and lots of good Christian people would spend so much money to keep themselves in *bad habits* ? Why, just the sum that Deacon Tompkins *alone* spends spends upon segars would support a missionary in the West for a whole year, and would be a better salary than many Western missionaries now get ! Really, mother, I can't believe that using tobacco is wrong as long as so many good Christians *do use it*. I don't care so much about '*chewing*'—I would rather have some nice, *clean* spruce-gum, such as they have got down to Dickson's store ; but I *would* like to smoke as my father does ; and please, mother, give me a little money to get a few segars."

"My son, you may talk to your father about this matter. Ask him if he thinks it would improve your habits and your manners to learn to *smoke* ; and, if he *approves*, you may ask him for a segar."

PEARL PEVERIL.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MY KITTEN.

BY ROSA BONHEUR TUTTLE (AGED NINE YEARS).

WE have a little kitten ; his name is Dickens. He is a Maltese. When he wants to come into the house he don't stop to rap like other folks, but climbs up to the door latch, putting one paw round the handle to hold on by, and with the other raises the latch. He will then push the door open and caper in, and frisk over the whole house in a minute.

When he is naughty his mother will box his ears, and then he will cry just like a naughty boy. I expect he promises to behave himself, or else says he is too big to be boxed,

When he gets anxious for his dinner, when we are at table, he will reach up his paw and scratch.

One day he caught a mouse, and instead of killing the poor thing, as he ought to have done, he kept it for an hour to play with.

We have a big dog, and when he comes to the door, Dickens will start up, and, by making his hair stand forward, look dreadful fierce, and as large as three cats and a half. They never had a war, but I expect every day they will, and when they do I will write about it.

SENSIBLE BOY.

Dear Editress of the Lyceum Banner:

A FEW days ago I was spending the afternoon with some friends, and a little circumstance occurred which made such an impression on my mind, that I felt as if I must write it to you, thinking it might, perhaps, interest the little readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, (as well as the larger ones, for I think mothers might learn a lesson from it, as well as the children).

The lady of the house had a little boy, four years old, a bright-eyed, rosy-faced little fellow, whom I soon perceived was the pet of the family. At tea he passed his plate to his sister for some article of food which he desired. The sister said : "Give him a little, he's so good." His mother replied : "Because he is *good* is no reason why he should have that which would *hurt* him," and then she said to her little boy very pleasantly, "Charlie, I don't wish you to eat any of that to-night." The little plate was instantly withdrawn, and the little lips said—oh, so sweetly, "Well, then I won't, mamma." That was all. I did not see *one scowl*, or the least approach to one. I knew then what made them all love him so much, and I thought how proud I should be, if I was in that mother's place. I wish every little boy and girl who are inclined to *forget* sometimes, and say "Why not ?" or *cry*, if they are refused anything, could have seen and heard him, I know they would always remember it.

Yours truly,

MRS. A. A. WHELOCK.

TWO WAYS.

I KNOW a boy who, when his little sister runs up to see what he is doing, and he does not want her so near, says, "Please, sissy, go away now ; go, sissy, please." Is that not better than to cry, "Get out," as some boys do, and perhaps make it rougher with a *kick* ?

I know a little boy who, when he comes home, hungry from school, runs into the kitchen and says, "Biddy, if you are not too busy, will you be kind enough to give me a cookie, or spread me a slice of bread and butter ?" Biddy is happy to leave her work and oblige a boy who speaks so. Is it not more polite than to rush in and cry out, "Give me something to eat, *quick* ?"

I know a little boy who says, "Mother, if you are willing, I should like to go to Eddie Brown's candy pull to-night." And I know another who said, "I am going to Eddie Brown's, whether or no." Which way of speaking becomes a little boy best ?—*Christian Advocate*.

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All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. KIMBALL, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

I saw, the other day, a mother and child starting out for a walk. The day was fair, but cold. The child started for the north side of the street. "No, no, Gracie," the mother said; "this way,—keep on the sunny side."

That is a good text for a long sermon, I thought—a sermon one might profit by in age, as well as in youth.

As I walked along I met a poor old woman. She was carrying a large bundle of old clothes. Perhaps some one had given them to her to make over for herself and those dependent upon her. She was on life's shady side—had, very likely, never been in the sunny places, never known the comforts of a home made warm by loving hearts and gentle hands. I wanted to say: Poor soul, life, to you, has been a weary way; but the shadow-land is nearly passed; the glorious spring-time of eternity is near; wait, in faith and patience, your time.

I passed a drinking house. Out of it came a young man. His step was unsteady; the tobacco and brandy in his breath polluted the fresh air. You are on the wrong side, young man. Do you not hear the voice of your mother, or your sister, calling, "This way, Willie! You are on the wrong side; that way is cold—desolate; it leads to drunkenness, misery, disgrace,—death!"

As I turned the corner a wee bit of a boy called out "*Chicago Tribune!* five cents! great fire! news from Washington?"

The little fellow was poorly clothed; he was out at toes and elbows; but the light of his brown eyes and the freshness in his sweet young face seemed to defy cold, poverty and rags. "Arn't you cold?" I asked, while paying him for a *Tribune*.

"Not a bit," he replied, "and I shan't go home for dinner till all these papers are sold, kos mother can't work and wants the money!"

Brave boy! He is on life's sunny side, or the way to noble manhood.

Some very good people are on the cold side of the way. They complain if the weather seems a little too warm or too cold. Some one has treated them with coldness, or been too familiar. Their neighbors are not good; the grocer, baker and milk-man are all wrong, when the truth is, they are in the wrong by nursing discontent and making faces at Fate.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Concert and Exhibition of the Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum.

On Tuesday evening, February 25th, there was a large gathering in Crosby's Music Hall to witness the exhibition of the Children's Lyceum. When the curtain rose a pyramid of girls, dressed in white, greeted the audience with a song, "Home of the Angels."

Recitations, music and singing, did great credit to children and officers. "Feed my Lambs" was sung by twelve little girls in white. Their sweet voices; their innocent faces; their uplifted hands, asking the Great Shepherd's protecting care, made the on-lookers sensible that "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and we mistake if voices were not then heard in heaven asking that angels guide these young feet and keep pure these fresh child-hearts. The gymnastics convinced strangers that the gospel of health was our gospel.

The Tableaux were:

Lyceum Pyramid.
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angels.
Two Angels (Old Style and New Style.)
Partial and Universal Suffrage.

In the first scene in "Universal Suffrage" white men were drinking and buying votes; all was confusion. In the second, black and white, women and men, were together at the ballot-box; all was order and harmony. One could not even imagine that rowdiness was ever at the Nation's altar.

All the children performed their parts so well that we cannot say who did best; but as Lillie Kopp is only five years old—too young to read the *LYCEUM BANNER*—we will venture the prediction that the Children's Lyceum is not the only place where she will be heard,—where listeners will applaud, where strong hearts will be bowed and weak ones made strong by the magic of her words.

In this progressive army there is hope. May the good angels go with them, as they leave the flower-encircled gates of childhood, to keep their lips from guile, their hearts from fainting, and their feet from wandering.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FRIEND. ALICE L. BUNKER, editor. Terms, \$2.00; single copies 20 cents. Published at 131 William street, New York.

The *Friend* contains many good articles by earnest and popular writers.

Mrs. C. F. Corbin is writing for it a continued story—"Married." If we may judge from the first chapter it will equal "A Woman's Secret," by the same author.

LE SALUT is the name of a new weekly paper that comes to us from New Orleans. Terms, per year, \$4.00.

Le Salut (Salvation) is published in eight pages, four in French and four in English.

The editor writes that Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, has kindly tendered his services to *Le Salut*, and offered to write as its Corresponding Editor.

All communications concerning the paper, may be addressed: *Le Salut*, care of A SIMON, book-seller, No. 85 Baronne street, New Orleans.

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, implying Social Organization and Government. By Mrs. E. O. G. WILLARD. 500 pages, 12mo., cloth. Price, \$2; postage, 24 cts. For sale at this office.

MAGGIE'S ANSWER. A beautiful reply to "When You and I were young, Maggie." By J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Unlike most answers, this comes fully up to the original in beauty, simplicity and expression, and by many is thought to be its superior. The beautiful sentiment of the words is wedded to a charming melody, prettily arranged, and commends itself to all who are delighted with a beautiful home song.

I know, dearest Ralph, you are aged and gray,
Your steps are now feeble and slow;
Your once noble form is now bent by the storm
All must weather while waiting below.
The merry creek's bed, you say, is now dry,
And silent the creaking old mill;
But "songs without words" are still sung by the birds.
Though the "green grove" is gone from the hill.

Song and Chorus. Price, 80 cents. Mailed free.

NEW MUSIC.

LYCEUM MARCH, composed for the piano, by J. M. BRADFORD, Musical Director of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Brooklyn, N. Y. Published by S. Winner, Philadelphia. Price, 35 cents. For sale at this office.

PERSONAL.

Dr. H. T. Child has been very ill; but we learn, with great pleasure, that he is hoping soon to be among his patients.

—Lilly May Dow: Thanks for the good work and words in behalf of the LYCEUM BANNER, and for the shadow of your sweet face.

—Emma Tuttle, in a private note, writes: "We have now eighty scholars at our Lyceum, and have had our equipments only three Sundaya. Is not that good for a country place?" Yes, Emma, it does seem well; but when we remember that you, Hudson, Master Carl, and little Rosa are four of the number, we do not wonder that other parents take their little ones and link with yours, loving, working hands. Do you wonder?

PRIZE.

Dr. J. P. Bryant, of Good Deeds fame, has sent us \$5.00, saying:

"Give 'Arabula' to that person who will send you five yearly subscribers to the LYCEUM BANNER."

Who will get the prize?

The balance, \$3.50, will go towards meeting the constant demand for papers for those who have no money.

STORIES OF BIRDS.

The person who wrote Orphan Birds has spent many years among the birds. He knows their habits and needs, about as well as a mother understands her children. The gentleman has written the history of nearly all the birds of North America. He has kindly consented to tell our children a few bird-histories.

MUSIC.

We have a capital pic-nic song, set to music, for our next number. The Lyceums will all want it for their coming pic-nics, and we want them to have it, and would like the orders at once so that we may have the extra numbers printed. Price, post paid, \$5.00 per hundred.

FOR SALE.

We have at this office a large assortment of liberal books.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

Our Lyceum is in a flourishing condition, and the LYCEUM BANNER is not the least attraction of the institution, as many happy faces will testify.
For Truth, L. DOWD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MY DOVES.

BY L. OLIVIA TURNER.

Shall I tell you, my pets, of my pretty white doves?
Shall I tell you the lesson they taught me, my loves?
Will you wonder and stare, and doubting my word,
Declare that the story is very absurd.

To begin, then, our Charley is fond of his pets.
To water and feed them he never forgets.
So he waited one morning (though this was his rule)
To look to his treasures ere going to school.

The "banties" he found in a terrible rage,
And Lady, Poll-Parrot, was beating her cage,
For lo! on a beam directly above,
Perched the theme of my story—a beautiful dove.

"This is better," she said, "than our own dingy cot,
And I will return, they may like it or not."
So she plumed her white wings for a loftier flight,
And in less than a moment was out of our sight.

Not long was the lady-bird lost to our view,
For soon she returned, and another dove, too.
Do you wonder her partner was nervous alone,
And refused to remain with the house-keeper gone?

Now dwelling together in friendship and love,
Are the "banties" and parrot, and pretty white doves,
Which proves to my mind that communities thrive,
When each does his part and no drones in the hive.

And this I have learned, in the ups and the downs,
To look for the smiles, but never the frowns.
And if Mrs. Lofly should pass by your door,
Remember the doves and keep on as before.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN—*Dear Madam*: I have had the constant reading of your paper since it started; in fact, of the *Little Bouquet*, before it. I shed tears when it stopped coming any more; but I laughed outright when the LYCEUM BANNER came. It looks just like a kernel with the husk stripped off; just the clear meat of the nut; the very chit! It is a clean-looking paper, and I ain't ashamed to hand it around. The children love it better than candy. When one comes nought is to do but for me to sit down and read it through—aloud. Loud reading is good for the lungs.

Row ahead, you two, and carry the children. When you die, the children of generations to come will appreciate your labors.

Mrs. Sassafra is busy washing up the supper dishes. She has just reached the "iron-ware," and you know ('cause you're a woman, if you be an editor) that iron-ware is rough on temper. But she stops, and after wiping her hands on her apron, says that she "allus will regard you as she allus has," and you can set me down ditto.

I want a dozen copies of the LYCEUM BANNER

to give to poor children who have no father. They need them very much.

I am yours, truly,

SAM SASSAFRAS.

I have just been five miles alone in the storm to attend a school exhibition. When I reached the house it was so crowded that I could not get in. Others stood about the door, vainly hoping to gain a foothold inside the house. I remarked to a looker on, "The fools are not all dead?" "No," he replied, "if they were, you and I would not be here."

What I want to ask is, When the people, old as well as young, have so great a love for the drama, why is it that the Progressive Syrens do not oftener have exhibitions? And when they do have them, why are they not better patronized? Let us break down the sectarian ranks, and come together, and have exhibitions that will amuse and elevate.

E. B. F.

LETTER FROM LILLY MAY DOW.

Dear Mrs. Kimball: I have taken the LYCEUM BANNER ever since it was first published, and I think I couldn't get along without it. I am always glad when it comes. I wish that all little boys and girls could take it. I have got a little sister who is not quite old enough to read, so I read to her aloud. Her name is Maud; mine is Lillie. Maud is eight years old; I am ten. She likes to hear me read your paper to her. We love to spend the evenings together reading. As my time is nearly out, I will send you one dollar for another year. I have got a few more to take it, and I think they will like it. I would like to send you more subscribers, and perhaps I will. I will try.

From your friend,

LILLIE MAY DOW.

Davenport, Iowa, March 2.

LETTER FROM MASTER HENRY BARRETT.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown: I received my LYCEUM BANNER day before yesterday, and turned, as usual, to the Recreation Department. I have the answers to all of the enigmas, &c. The answer to the first enigma is "Harriet Beecher Stowe;" the second, "A stitch in time saves nine;" the third, "Paddle your own canoe."

I like the LYCEUM BANNER better than any paper I have seen. I wish it would come every day instead of once in two weeks.

The Word Puzzle, E. V. Wilson, I forgot to put in.

Your friend,

HENRY BARRETT.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

AS long ago as I can remember I lived in an old, quaint-looking, high-gabled house. The rooms were large and ill-shapen, with low ceiling. Trees, old and unpruned, spread their long branches over and about the house. Their cooling shade was very well in summer, but oh my! did n't the winter winds make horrible noises about the old house?

My father died when I was too young to remember him; so all I know of him is what people have told me, and by seeing his portrait hanging upon the parlor wall.

Our family, after father died, consisted of mother, brothers Tom and Walter, sister Kittie and me.

The house in which we lived and the farm once belonged to grandfather Grant. After his death, my father, who was one of the heirs, bought the part that belonged to his brothers and Aunt Sarah—his only sister. They were all well off, so far as money goes; but they had never learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." My father died before he had paid all that was due his sister and brothers. I heard mothersay that the brothers came to the funeral, and instead of asking her how

she would get along with her young children alone, one of them said, "How do you expect to pay your debts, Hattie? I think you better put out the older children; take Gertie, and go home to your father's; we will take the farm, pay the debts, and if there is anything left, give it to you." "We only owe you for your share of the farm," mother said; "give me a little time, and I will pay that." "You are but a weak woman," he replied, "and I insist upon your going to your father's."

Mr. Browning, one of our neighbors, overheard the conversation, and said to my Uncle Jamés, "I insist that Mrs. Grant stay just where she is, and I will be responsible for her husband's debts."

The next morning, after they were all gone, my mother said to Tom, who was now sixteen years old, "What shall we do with the farm?" "Do with it?" said Tom; "havn't you me left and Walt? We can manage by hiring a hand in haying and harvesting." "But you must go to school," my mother replied. "We'll

pick up a good education, wont we, Walt?" Tom said. Walter insisted on working the farm with Tom. So mother felt quite contented.

Mother was a good manager. By plain living and hard work she and the boys took care of the family, and paid off father's debts.

All this time we never visited our uncles, nor Mrs. Clark, my father's sister. It was all we could do—mother said—to live at home. My uncles came, one of them, about once a year, to get an installment on what was due. Mr. Browning would say to my mother, "You never mind, Mrs. Grant, if you cannot pay your brothers I am good for it; but, fortunately, the money was always ready when it was called for.

When I was about eight years old, my Aunt Clark came to visit us. I had never seen her; but I had heard that she lived near Boston, and was very rich, so I expected to see a fine lady. She came while I was at school. When I was coming home I met Walter going to town to get some tea and sugar. He stopped me, and said, "Gertie, Aunt Sarah Clark has come up from Boston to make us a visit. She is sick, and will stay a long time, so as to get the country air. Now, Gertie, you see how well you can behave; don't make mother ashamed of you." "I'll be real good; I will truly," I said, and on I went at full speed thinking, as I went, how I could make Aunt Sarah

like me—what I could do to please her. My first thought was to get my doll and all my baby things, and give them to her to take home to her little girls—if she had any; but I remembered that I cut a hole in my doll to see of what it was made, and that the sawdust was leaking out. I thought that this would not please her. Then I thought of my "Sunday frock," and wondered how that would suit her; but I had spilled some ink on that, so that idea vanished. I had a dear little duck, the sweetest creature alive. It was white and green. The hen hatched it, but she saw that it was not a chicken, so poked it out of the nest, and would not let it come back. Mother gave it to me. I named it Chickie-Duck, and took the best possible care of it. Chickie and I became the best of friends, and I thought there was nothing so beautiful as my pet. I knew that Aunt Sarah would be delighted with Chickie, but could I make her so valuable a present? It was sometime before I could make up my mind to part with the treasure, but I wanted to please my aunt, so I concluded to give her my pet. I went straight to the barn, took Chickie in my apron, and ran around to the front door, and into the large old-fashioned parlor. My aunt sat there alone, in our great easy-chair. She turned around as I entered the room. Holding up my apron with the duck, I said, "I have fetched you my Chickie-Duck." Mrs. Clark looked at me in surprise; but did not speak till my mother came in, then she said, "What gipsy-looking child is that?" "I am Gertie," I said, "and mother's child."

Mother seemed a little confused, and told me to go out with my duck. I was disappointed in Aunt Sarah. I wanted her to kiss me and say something good. I went out with my duck and had a good cry. I tried hard after that to like Aunt Sarah, but she would not let me. So I gave it up.

When Mrs. Clark had been at our house a few days she began to take a little notice of me. One day she said, "Gertie did look so like a gypsy when I first saw her, that I could not believe that she belonged to the family; but now I see in her brown eyes and raven hair the boyish looks of her father. I think, with a good steady hand to train her, she may make a decent woman."

My mother did not answer her, but Tom said, "I'll risk Gertie with mother's hand. We don't care to see her prim and old-womanish."

Mrs. Clark said no more then; but after Tom left the room she said to my mother: "Sister Hattie, you have quite a family to feed and clothe. I have been thinking that I can aid you by taking Gertie home."

"I won't go," I said, "for I don't love you a bit."

Mother reproved me for my rashness, then said to my aunt, "I have had a hard time since my husband died, but 'He who feeds the ravens' has fed us; in Him is still my trust."

"But," said Mrs. Clark, "the Father may choose me as His servant to help you feed your children."

Walter, who heard the conversation, had but little caution, and less love for some of my father's relatives, said that we would not have been fed or had a house if some folks could have had their way, but now the debts are paid, we'll manage to live and not let Gertie go away.

"That is good, Brother Walt," I said, clapping my hands.

Thus the matter ended. Aunt Sarah went home, and we all staid at home, so long as mother lived. Now we are scattered.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ORPHAN BIRDS.

I WAS once acquainted with a man who lived on a farm near my father's. I was a small boy then. This man had a corn-field near by. When the corn first appears above the ground, the birds dig with their bills to receive the grain at the root, but in so doing they generally destroy the young corn. But all the injury they do is more than balanced by the benefit they are to a field of grain in destroying the grubs, which often destroy large fields of grain, cutting it off when from one to three inches high. It is very tender and sweet then, and they prefer it to grass for their food. But the farmer did not take this into consideration, and killed the birds whenever he could. Two black-birds had a nest in a willow tree in the field, with five young ones. Both of the old birds were shot. Now as the young birds could not help themselves, you, no doubt, feel that they must have perished from hunger; but no, they did not. Two robins lived in the neighborhood, and they took care of and fed them until they were old enough to leave the nest; and as young birds are taken care of and supplied with food by their parents for a considerable length of time after they leave the nest, so were these orphan black-birds by the red-breasts.

Some may doubt this, but I *know* it to be all true. I saw the robins feeding them frequently before and after they left the nest.

He who created children and the birds will provide for them all. Do right, be good, and true.

W.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

CHICAGO.

Sunday, March 1st, the members of the Chicago Lyceum met in Crosby's Hall to elect officers for the third year. The old officers were all re-elected, except the Treasurer, Mr. J. D. Tallmadge. He tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

The following resolution was then read:

Resolved, That the members of this Lyceum tender their thanks to Mr. Tallmadge for the faithful discharge of his duties as Treasurer since the organization of our Lyceum.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mrs. L. H. Kimball was elected Treasurer.

The Lyceum now numbers over two hundred persons.

The members, young and old, are remarkable for their regular attendance at the Lyceum. Mrs. C. A. Dye, the Guardian, lives three miles from the Hall, yet, in two years she has been absent from the Lyceum but once, when in the city. The Conductor, Dr. Avery, when in the city, has only been absent when his patients demanded his attention. Three of the Leaders, Mrs. A. Anderson, Mr. A. Dinmore and Mr. John Foute, have been with their classes every Sunday for more than a year. Some of the small children have not been absent the past year. Abe Dinmore, Jr., Eddie Ebberts, Lizzie Ebberts, Lewis Ford, are among the number. Three little girls, Emma Ostrander Sarah and Matilda Shay, have missed but one Sunday. Sarah Ford and Ada Jackson, young girls, have not missed a Sunday session of the Lyceum in two years. Ada lives three miles from the Hall. She says: "I was late once, but the track was so snow-blocked that we could not get along." Is there another child in any Lyceum who can say what is true of Sarah Ford and Ada Jackson? If so, send their names to the LYCEUM BANNER. Let us have them on record.

Many of the members of the Chicago Lyceum are poor in gold, but rich in faith, energy and good works. They have, within the past year, paid for a fine piano, and given \$88.00 to the poor of the Lyceum. They take one hundred and twenty-five copies of the LYCEUM BANNER.

How do they manage to obtain the means to do all this? One way has been to give monthly concerts. For five concerts, after deducting the expenses, the Lyceum cleared \$176.

The Chicago Lyceum is ambitious and industrious. The members work together in perfect harmony. The result of their love-labors will be felt in coming years.

B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dear Lyceum Banner:—I think it may interest some of your readers to hear of the proceedings of our second anniversary, which came off at Bowman's Hall, February 17th. It was a decided success, under the competent direction of our kind Conductor, T. M. Watson. The exercises were dispersed with fine declamations and singing, and the presence of "Old Grimes, with his coat all buttoned down before," in the form of Master Lyon; after which the school marched to the lower rooms, where they were served by the "Fat Contributor" with "goodies" from the munificent store of our kind, progressive Friend, and our good friend, Dr. Brown. After the repast we returned to the Hall to dance to the music of Severance and William's Band. After a good time generally we closed the festivities.

Your little paper is received and read with a great deal of pleasure, interest and benefit, by our happy little band of children. They think the LYCEUM BANNER the best paper they ever read, and we all join in singing, "Long, long, may the BANNER wave."

Yours for the truth,

C. A. WRIGHT.

NEW BOSTON, ILL.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New Boston gave an entertainment on the evening of the 11th of February, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, calisthenics, recitations, dialogues, &c. The exhibition was a success. I have heard many express their approbation of it in glowing terms. The calisthenics, especially, attracted the attention of persons who had never before visited our Lyceum. We had the scholars arranged upon the stage; one of them conducted the exercises. He was where but few of the audience could see him, and there was much wondering how the children could all look in the same direction and be so uniform in their movements. Some said it was "just like clock-work." The Tableaux were especially commended.

Our children did remarkably well. We really feel so much encouraged that we think of having another exhibition before long.

The Lyceum children are all anxious to see the LYCEUM BANNER—"our paper," they call it. We realized over fifty dollars at our exhibition. I hope all Lyceums will succeed as well as ours has done. Our great trouble is in getting leaders for the groups; we have sufficient in numbers, but few wish to assume the responsibility of teaching.

LOUISA B. MYERS, Guardian.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LIZZIE AND LEO.



LIZZIE CLARE had a fine little dog, his name was Leo. He was a light brown color, his hair was long and as soft as silk. His eyes were dark brown, and as handsome as if he were human. Lizzie loved Leo, and Leo loved her. She taught him a great many tricks. He would roll over,

jump upon the chairs, sit up like a person, hold a pipe in his mouth, stand upon his hind feet and bark as if speaking, when she would hold up a piece of meat for him; jump through a hoop, creep like a baby, and do a great many other things.

When she would start to go to school or downtown, she would sometimes slip out slyly so the dog would not know it, but he would soon miss her, and as soon as the door was opened, away he would go at the top of his speed, whining and barking. When he would catch up with her he would frisk and jump about so gleefully that you would think his happiness complete.

Lizzie thought that Leo could learn to read. She used to get her large primer and say, "Now, Leo, it is school time, come here." Leo would go and sit upon a stool at Lizzie's feet and listen while she would say "A. B. C." Leo tried real hard to speak the letters just as his little mistress wished him to, but, somehow, he could not make the right sounds. At last Lizzie said, "I guess Leo has a bad cold, for he cannot say so much as A." So she gave up teaching him his letters.

One day, just before Christmas, Leo was missing. The city was searched, but no one had seen him. Lizzie goes out pleasant days, looks into the houses and shops to see if he has not been stolen, and tied, that he may not find his way home.

Poor Leo! I fear that he wandered away from his home and "fell among thieves," and that Lizzie will see him no more. L. M.

Questions and Answers from Milwaukee Lyceum.

"Shall we always follow the dictates of consciences?"

The conscience of one person may dictate one thing while the conscience of another dictates something directly opposite; both cannot be right in the absolute, still is it not right in one sense to follow the highest dictates of conscience, or in

other words, is it not right to do the best we can? What better can we do? ANNA TERRILL.

Humanity would be better by so acting, but conscience, like other gifts, is subject to the laws of progress. Thus one man meets another in distress and only pities him, while another pities and relieves him; another meets evil and condemns it, but his neighbor goes further, by rooting it out.

SUSIE DICKINSON.

If I act contrary to the dictates of my conscience I do what I think wrong. FANNIE PHILLIPS.

The direction in which conscience dictates is the result of education. It strives for the right by calling our best judgment into requisition.

ALEX. PHILLIPS.

Should we always follow the dictates of our conscience? I answer *no*; for by so doing we are led to commit the greatest wrongs. Conscience should never decide our course of itself, but should call to its aid our most careful reasoning and judgment.

ISAAC LEADLER.

If a person leads a truly conscientious life he ought to be respected. ED. ARMSTRONG.

Conscience is an inherent principle of the mind; in itself it is upright and just, but through education it is often warped and misdirected. The Hindoo child is educated to believe the first born must be sacrificed for the mother's sins, and that she, by that sacrifice, saves her soul from eternal perdition. The American mother shudders at what the Hindoo mother does conscientiously. The American mother is educated to protect her child tenderly, and look to other sources for the salvation of her soul.

Thus, you see, conscience is education. If the child is educated in strict principles of justice, conscience is a safe and sure guide for every action,

BETTIE PARKER.

MILAN, OHIO.

We have been but two weeks from port, yet our crew reaches a hundred, and the sea is beautifully calm, and the sky serene. We have weathered the adverse squalls which at first blew off the desert coast of Theology, and howled from the portals of the Churches, and are now steadily making way over a trackless but beautiful sea. We have no guide in this new domain, except the tried beacon of Truth and the compass of Reason.

Brother Wheelock has several calls to establish Lyceums, and the great work is very vigorously carried forward.

Our intention is to make ours the Banner Lyceum of the State. So onward, friends, everywhere, in generous rivalry. HUDSON TUTTLE.

[Selected.]

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE LAWYER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

They say, little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
I'm the cleverest man in all the town.

Helgho! says she.

What's that to me?

But they say, little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
You're the prettiest girl in all the town.

Says she, if they do,

What's that to you?

They say, little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
I'm the richest man in all the town.

Helgho! says she,

What's that to me?

But they say, little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
You ought to be dressed in a finer gown.

Says she, if they do,

What's that to you?

They say, little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
That Johnny Hodge is an awkward clown.

Helgho! says she,

What's that to me?

But they say, little maid, the lawyer said,
That you and Johnny are going to wed.

Says she, if we do,

What's that to you?

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTER TO A CHILD.

SOME children feel badly and carry sorrowful faces because their clothes are not as fine as another little boy or girl wears.

What if they are not? You cannot better the matter by making yourselves unhappy and discontented over it. Console yourselves with the thought that the angels see the heart, and if that is good, they love you just as much as if your clothing was of the finest fabric.

It is very pleasant to have pretty dresses and coats to wear. It pleases the eye and cultivates a taste for the beautiful; but be careful, my child, that fine clothes do not create too much pride, vanity and selfishness in your heart.

It is much more important that the expression of your face be sweet and cheerful; but it cannot be unless you are kind, contented and loving. Remember, if you squander the golden hours of youth, without studying to become useful, good and pure, you will not, in after years, be very likely to reform.

The clothes you wear to-day cover a fading form which cannot live always as the soul does. Live truly, and in living weave a rich and beautiful garment for your soul, which shall never grow old, but brighten while ages come and go.

L. M. T.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 4, 18, there are a great many of in America.

My 1, 2, 5, is an unfortunate man.

My 10, 11, 12, all boys like.

My 5, 2, 14, my little brother has.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, 4, is part of a door.

My whole is something funny.

HENRY BARRETT.

WORD PUZZLE.

My First is in you, but not in me.

My Second is in lake, but not in sea.

My Third is in yard, but not in field.

My Fourth is in sick, but not in healed.

My Fifth is in sun, but not in moon.

My Sixth is in eve, but not in noon.

My Seventh is in few, but not in all.

My Eighth is in rise, but not in fall.

My Ninth is in great, but not in small.

My Tenth is in rat, but not in mouse.

My Eleventh is in barn, but not in house.

My Twelfth is in noise, but not in hum.

My Thirteenth is in flute, but not in drum.

My whole is the name of a distinguished man.

GEORGE C. STEVENS.

ANSWERS IN No. 12.

Enigma, by Eugene Wilson — A Republican Government.

Puzzle, by St. Ives. — Be good children.

ANSWERS IN No. 13.

Enigma, by Myron A. Myers. — Paddle your own canoe.

Answered by James F. Lee, I. D. Montague, L. B. Myers, T. O. Oash, Augusta G. Payne, Maggie W. Lukens, R. N. Davis, Charles E. Kerr, Charles A. Orr, Lizzie Holmes and A. W. Dow.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 13.

"I was awakened one morning by a 'Shanghai,' which was perched upon a fence near my window. From the adjoining room I heard 'Wales,' and I called an 'Amazon' to make a fire, as I felt quite 'Chill.' On going down stairs I found that 'George' had spilled 'Greece' on my highly prized 'Brussels' while putting on the table my breakfast, consisting of a 'Turkey' seasoned with 'Cayenne,' a 'Cod,' a 'Java,' a 'Bordeaux' stoppered with a 'Cork,' and a basket containing an 'Orange' and other fruits. I paid a 'Guinea' for my breakfast, and then asked 'Caroline' for some sugar to feed a 'Canary' that was hanging in my chamber.

LUCY CHRISTIAN AND HENRY BARRETT.

When is silence likely to get wet? When it reigns.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Adrian, Mich.—Instituted Nov. 4, 1867. Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

Boston, Mass.—Lyceum organized 1867. Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

Bradley, Maine.—Lyceum organized May 26, 1867. James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

Breedsville, Mich.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

Bangor, Maine.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtis, Guardian.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Lyceum organized March 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cobill, Guardian.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Lyceum organized Dec. 9, 1866. Meets in Music Hall, every Sunday afternoon. Mr. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

Bolton, Wis.—Lyceum organized Aug. 11, 1867. Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 2 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

Corry, Pa.—Lyceum organized Aug. 18, 1867. Meets in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. W. J. Mayo, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 2, organized May 6th, 1866. C. O. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Lyceum organized June 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

Chelsea, Mass.—Lyceum organized Dec. 18, 1865. Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Lyceum organized Feb. 25, 1866. Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10½ A. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. O. A. Dye, Guardian and President of the Literary Circle.

Detroit, Mich.—M. J. Mathews, Conductor; Mrs. Rachel L. Doty, Guardian.

Fond du Lac, Wis.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

Hamburg, Conn.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

Hammondon.—Lyceum organized August, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Havana, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 3 P. M. in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; E. J. Shaw, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.

Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loper, Guardian.

Jersey City, N. J.—Lyceum organized October, 1866. Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

Lansing, Mich.—Lyceum organized Feb. 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 P. M. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

Lohus, Ind.—Lyceum organized October, 1866. F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

Lovell, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

Milan, Ohio.—Children's Progressive Lyceum of Milan, Ohio. Sessions 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Missaukee, Wis.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 9 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

New Boston, Ill.—Lyceum organized Oct. 20, 1867. Meets every Saturday at 9 P. M., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

Newark, N. J.—Lyceum organized Jan. 27, 1867. Meets in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, every Sunday afternoon at 9 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.

New York City.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirtieth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

Mokona, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

Oneago, N. Y.—Organized the third Sunday in October, 1866. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1 meets every Sunday at Washington Hall, southwest corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 A. M., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs. M. E. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2.—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Plymouth, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

Providence, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.

Putnam, Conn.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Central Hall.

Richland Center, Wis.—Lyceum organized July, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Ed. Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall,) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rockford, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. W. T. Riggs, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.

Sacramento, Cal.—Organized October, 1864. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Regular Spiritualists' Meeting every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. B. G. Plank, Guardian.

Stonham, Mass.—The Spiritualistic Association hold regular meetings at Harmony Hall, two Sundays in each month, at 9½ and 7 o'clock P. M. Afternoon lectures free. Evening lectures 10 cents admission. W. H. Orne, President.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whitler, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kilmington, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. H. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Lyman, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

Sturgis, Mich.—Organized May 24, 1868. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Sycamore, Ill.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

Tledo, O.—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. S. J. Finney, Conductor.

Vinland, N. J.—Organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. J. K. Read, Guardian.

Williamatic, Conn.—Organized July 15, 1866. Remus Robinson, Conductor; W. Fuller, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian; Mrs. Remus Robinson, Assistant Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 A. M. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.